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JUAN FERNANDEZ.

JUAN FERNANDEZ, of *Robinson Crusoe* celebrity, is a small island in the South Pacific, some four or five hundred miles west of Valparaiso. Besides the name by which it is more usually known, it is also called Mas-à-Tierra (nearer-the-mainland), to distinguish it from another island nearly a hundred miles farther west, and hence bearing the name of Mas-à-Fuera (farther-off-shore). It has one anchorage, Cumberland Bay, and there, facing the sea, is the settlement, consisting of a few huts and a ruined fort. The island appears to be of volcanic origin; and the huge masses of rock piled one upon the other, rising to a height of nearly three thousand feet, present a very picturesque appearance from the sea. Gentler attractions are, however, not wanting; there are at least two valleys rich in vegetation, and smiling with the luxuriance of an almost tropical fertility.

One of these valleys is thus described by an American traveller—Mr J. R. Browne (*Crusoe's Island*): 'Nothing was here of that stern and inhospitable character that marked the rockbound shores of the island. A soft haze hung over the valley; a happy quiet reigned in the perfumed air; the breath of heaven touched gently the flowers that bloomed upon the sod; all was fresh and fair and full of romantic beauty. Yet there was life in the repose; abundance within the maze of heights that encircled the dreamy solitudes. Fields of wild oats waved with changing colours on the hillsides, green meadows swept around the bases of the mountains; rich and fragrant shrubs bloomed wherever we looked; fair flowers and running vines hung over the brows of the rocks, crowning them as with a garland; and springs burst out from the cool earth, and fell in white mist down into the groves of myrtle below, and were lost in the shade. Nowhere was there a trace of man's intrusion. Wild horses snuffing the breezes, dashed out into the valley in all the joyousness of their freedom, flinging back their manes and tossing their heads proudly;

and when they beheld us, they started suddenly and fled up the mountains beyond. Herds of goats ran along the rugged declivities below us, looking scarcely bigger than rabbits; and birds of bright and beautiful plumage flew close around our heads and lit upon the trees. It was a fair scene, untouched by profaning hands; fair and solitary, and lovely in its solitude as the Happy Valley of Rasselas.'

The chief interest of Juan Fernandez lies, however, not in its external features, but in its eventful history, and in the legends which have gathered round its name. That name is derived from a hardy Spanish sailor who discovered it about the year 1563, and promptly obtained a grant of his 'find' from the Spanish government. Here, like his more famous successor Selkirk, he lived for a time 'monarch of all he surveyed;' but soon growing weary of the lonely eminence, he abandoned his kingdom, leaving behind him as a gift to posterity a herd of goats and pigs.

When next the curtain lifts, the island appears as the shelter of the bold buccaneers. It lay conveniently near to the Spanish settlements, for on Spain the buccaneers made war with savage ferocity. Those were the heroic days of filibustering—the days of Lolonois the cruel, Montbars the exterminator, Sir Henry Morgan—pirate and knight—Sharpe, and Dampier. It was after an unsuccessful attempt to surprise La Serena that Sharpe and his men anchored off Juan Fernandez. The shore was so thickly covered with seals that they were obliged to shoot some before they could land. The goats, too, had evidently multiplied, for the sailors signalled Christmas day by shooting sixty. As for the pigs, besides those slaughtered for present needs, a hundred were salted down. The waters were alive with fish, so that a sailor fishing with a bare hook caught in an hour or two enough for all the crew. There was an abundant supply of timber, palms, sandalwood, and wild quince, the greater part of which has long since disappeared.

In October 1704 the *Cinque Ports* galley, one

of Dampier's squadron, called at Juan Fernandez. There was a quarrel between Captain Straddling and his sailing-master, Alexander Selcraig or Selkirk, a native of the little fishing town of Largo, in Fifeshire, who refused to serve longer with his captain, and asked to be put on shore. When, however, his wish had been complied with, and he was left alone on the beach with some scanty stores, his heart misgave him, and he sought earnestly permission to return once more on board. But the brutal commander only made this change of resolution a subject of mockery, and left him to the charms of solitude. These, Selkirk 'enjoyed' for nearly four years and a half, till he was taken off (February 1709) by Captain Wood Rogers of the *Duke* privateer. Selkirk was appointed mate of the *Duke*; and died (1723) lieutenant of the royal ship *Weymouth*. A monument was erected to his memory in his native place in 1885. Two circumstances have conspired to confer on this young Scotchman a kind of immortality: Cowper made him the mouthpiece for a charming poem; and a plausible popular error identified him with the hero of Defoe's immortal tale.

There must have been something peculiarly seductive in the attractions of Juan Fernandez, for the next visitor, Captain Clipperton of the *Success*, lost four of his men, who deserted, though two were captured, before the vessel left; while Captain Shelvocke, who lost his vessel, the *Speedwell*, and had to build another out of the wreckage, suffered a more serious loss, eleven sailors and thirteen Indians and blacks refusing to leave the island. 'They were not yet prepared for the other world,' was their excuse. Two years afterwards, no traces could be found of the rebellious twenty-four.

Here, in 1741, came the shattered remnants of Anson's expedition. With half his crew gone, and the survivors in such evil case that out of the two hundred there were hardly enough available for active work to sail the ship, the anchorage of Cumberland Bay was a welcome sight. The memory of the hardships they had undergone may to some extent account for the glowing language in which the historian of the expedition speaks of Juan Fernandez. 'Those only,' he says, 'who have endured a long series of thirst, and who can readily recall the desire and agitation which the ideas alone of springs and brooks have at that time raised in them, can judge of the emotion with which we eyed a large cascade of the most transparent water, which poured itself from a rock, near one hundred feet high, into the sea at a small distance from the ship. Even those amongst the diseased who were not in the very last stages of the distemper, though they had been long confined to their hammocks, exerted the small remains of their strength that was left them, and crawled up to the deck to feast themselves with this reviving prospect.'

The wind blew off the shore and made it difficult to effect a landing; but the scurvy-stricken were dying apace, and the few healthy men could not be spared to attend to the sick. At length, however, after three days' hard work, the invalids, numbering one hundred and eighty, were got safely to land, except some twelve who died in the boats on being exposed to the fresh air. Tents were soon erected and something like an

hospital extemporised. But so malignant was the disease and such a hold had it got on the men, that for the first ten or twelve days the average mortality amounted to five or six. Vegetables were fortunately abundant, and the radishes, celery, and watercresses were the best of medicine for the scurvy-stricken sailors. Anson gave as well as took, for he planted many garden-seeds and sowed the stones of fruit-trees, some of which have thriven well.

The next visitor was the Spaniard Ulloa, who came to the island in 1743. He was particularly struck by the number of dogs he saw, especially of the greyhound breed. These dogs had been sent by the Chilian and Peruvian governments in the hope of exterminating the goats, and thus depriving hostile warships and pirates of a possible means of re-provisioning. The plan, however, proved a failure, the goats being too agile in scaling the rocks to give their more swift-footed foes a chance. Ulloa urged the Spanish government to fortify the island and convert it into a penal settlement; but it is doubtful whether his advice would have been acted on, had not motives of jealousy powerfully seconded it. Information was received that, in consequence of Anson's report, England was thinking of establishing a settlement on Juan Fernandez. Their hand thus forced, the Spanish authorities occupied the island (1750) with a strong military force and built a fort commanding the harbour. This, however, was destroyed in the following year by an earthquake, and was rebuilt further inland. The post of governor seems to have been looked upon as one of the plums of the Spanish service. Vast sums were charged against the home government in respect of wholly unnecessary military works commenced but never completed, and the truth of a Spanish proverb was abundantly illustrated:

Twixt pick and hoe,
The moneys go.

Ulloa's advice was also followed by utilising the settlement as a penal colony. When the South American revolution broke out, many of the Chilian and Peruvian patriots were condemned to exile here. At the end of the revolutionary wars the Chilians took over the settlement, and in 1819 established another penal colony. In the following year, there are said to have been three hundred convicts guarded by a hundred soldiers. In 1821, however, an insurrection broke out, and the settlement was for a time given up, the garrison being removed and the fort dismantled. At the same time the Chilian government, resolved that if they could not use the place no one else should, issued a manifesto forbidding any persons to settle there or kill the cattle or take the wood. Again, in 1828 and 1833 convict settlements were formed; but the cruelties practised on the prisoners led to outbreaks, successful in two instances. At length in 1835 the great earthquake destroyed the fortifications, and the convict establishment was finally abandoned.

But the traveller who climbs the brow of a hill fronting the harbour—barely half a mile from the landing-place—will still find the melancholy traces of these habitations of cruelty. The face of the cliff is excavated to a distance of several hundred feet, and long winding passages lead to

the dark and dripping cells where the convicts were immured. Beneath these, connected by rude earthen steps, are other cells darker and more chill, if that were possible, certainly smaller, for they are not more than five feet in length by six in height. These were reserved for offenders of the deepest dye. Here, in a very blackness of darkness, in a silence unbroken save by the curse of the jailer or the shock of the earthquake, the wretched victims of ignorance and cruelty passed through a life of torture to the oblivion of madness or to the rest of the grave.

The highest point on the island is a rugged rocky peak called *el Yunque* (the Anvil), or Yonka, which to all appearance is perfectly inaccessible. Even where the rock is covered with vegetation, the soil is so thin and friable that any attempt on the part of the climber to raise himself by clinging to shrubs, or even trees, would involve almost certain disaster. Thus, Walter, the chaplain to Anson's expedition, tells of a sailor who, being on the hills goat-hunting, caught hold of a tree upon a declivity to assist him in his ascent. This giving way, he immediately rolled down the hill; and though in his fall he fastened on another tree of considerable bulk, yet that too gave way, and he fell among the rocks and was dashed to pieces.

Since 1835, the Chilian government has leased the island to private speculators; and in 1868 it was purchased by Robert Wehrdan, a German engineer, who has established a small but thriving colony. In addition to tillage and stock-raising, hunting and fur-sealing, some trade is carried on with passing ships, especially whalers, which often put in for water. In the same year Her Majesty's ship *Topaze* visited Juan Fernandez, and erected a tablet to the memory of Alexander Selkirk at a spot known as 'Selkirk's Lookout.'

THIS MORTAL COIL.

CHAP. XL.—AT REST AT LAST.

WINIFRED fell back on the pillows wearily. 'I love him,' she whispered once more. 'He hates me, Elsie; but in spite of all, I love him, I love him.'

For years she had locked up that secret in her own soul. She had told it to no one, least of all to her husband. But, confined to the narrow space of her poor small heart, and battling there with her contempt and scorn, it had slowly eaten her very life out.

Her face was growing very pale now. After all this excitement, she needed rest. The inevitable reaction was beginning to set in. She fumbled with her fingers on the bedclothes nervously; her face twitched with a painful twitching. The symptoms alarmed and frightened Elsie; she opened the door of the little *salon* and signalled to the English doctor to return to the bedroom. He came in, and cast a keen glance at the bed. Elsie looked up at him with inquiring eyes. The doctor nodded gravely and drew his long beard through his closed hand. 'A mere question of hours,' he whispered in her ear. 'It may be delayed; it may come at any time. She's overtaxed her strength. Hysteria, followed by proportionate prostration. Her heart may fail from moment to moment.'

'Where's her husband?' Elsie cried in a fever of dismay.

'I've sent him off about his business for an hour's stroll,' the doctor answered with professional calmness. 'She's evidently in a highly hysterical condition, and the sight of him only increases her excitement. It's a sad case, but a painfully common one. A husband's presence is often the very worst thing on earth for a patient so affected. I thought it would do her far more good to have you alone with her—you're always so gentle and so soothing, Miss Challoner.'

Elsie glanced back at him with swimming eyes. 'But suppose she were to die while he's gone,' she murmured low with profound emotion.

The doctor pursed up his lips philosophically. 'It can't be helped,' he answered with a faint shrug. 'That's just what'll happen, I'm very much afraid. We can only do the best we can. This crisis has evidently been too severe for her.'

As he spoke, Winifred turned up from the bed an appealing face, and beckoned Elsie to bend down closer to her. 'Elsie,' she whispered, in a low hoarse voice, 'send out for Hugh. I want him now.—I should like to kiss him before I die. I think I'm going. I won't last much longer.'

Elsie hurried out to Warren in the anteroom. 'Go,' she cried eagerly, through her blinding tears—'go and find Hugh. Winifred wants him; she wants to kiss him before she dies. Look for him through all the streets till you find him, and send him home. She wants to forgive him.'

Warren answered her never a single word, but, nodding acquiescence, rushed down by himself to the esplanade and the shore in search of his enemy. Poor baffled enemy, how his heart ached for him! At such a moment, who could help pitying him?

'Is he coming?' Winifred asked from the bed feebly.

'Not yet, darling,' Elsie answered in a hushed voice; 'but Warren's gone out to try and find him. He'll be here soon. Lie still and wait for him.'

Winifred lay quite still for some minutes more, breathing hard and loud on the bed where they had laid her. The moments appeared to spread themselves over hours. But no Hugh came. At last she beckoned Elsie nearer again, with a frail hand that seemed almost to have lost all power of motion. Elsie leant over her with her ear laid close to Winifred's lips. The poor girl's voice sounded very weak and all but inaudible now. 'I can't last till he comes, Elsie,' she murmured low. 'But tell him I forgive him. Tell him I asked him to forgive me in turn. Tell him I wanted to kiss him good-bye. But even that last wish was denied me. And Elsie—her fingers clutched her friend's convulsively—'tell him all along I've always loved him. I loved him from the very depths of my soul. I never loved any one as I loved that man. When I hated him most, I loved him dearly. It was my very love that made me so hate him. He starved my heart; and now it's broken.'

Elsie stooped down and kissed her forehead. A smile played lambent over Winifred's face at the gentle kiss. The doctor lifted his open hand in warning. Elsie bent over her with gathered brows and strained her eyes for a sign of breath

for a moment. 'Gone?' she asked at last with mute lips of the doctor.

'Gone,' the calmer observer answered with a grave inclination of his head toward Elsie. 'Rapid collapse. A singular case. She suffered no pain at the last, poor lady.'

Elsie flung herself wildly into an easy-chair and burst into tears more burning than ever.

A touch on her shoulder. She looked up with a start. Could this be Hugh? Thank heaven, no! It was Warren who touched her shoulder lightly. Half an hour had passed, and he had now come back again. But, alas, too late. 'No need to stop here any longer,' he said reverently. 'Hugh's down-stairs, and they're breaking the news to him. He doesn't know yet you're here at all. I didn't speak to him. I thought some other person would move him more. I saw him on the quay, and I sent an Italian I met on the beach to tell him he was wanted, and his wife was dying.—Come up to my room on the floor above. Hugh needn't know even now, perhaps, that you're here at San Remo.'

Too full to speak, Elsie followed him blindly from the chamber of death, and stumbled somehow up the broad flight of stairs to Warren's apartments on the next story. As she reached the top of the open flight, she heard a voice—a familiar voice, that would once have thrilled her to the very heart—on the landing below, by Winifred's bedroom. Shame and fascination drew her different ways. Fascination won. She couldn't resist the dangerous temptation to look over the edge of the banisters for a second. Hugh had just mounted the stairs from the big entrance hall, and was talking by the door in measured tones with the English doctor.

'Very well,' he said in his cold stern voice, the voice he had always used to Winifred—a little lowered by conventional respect, indeed, but scarcely so subdued as the doctor's own. 'I'm prepared for the worst. If she's dead, say so. You needn't be afraid of shocking my feelings; I expected it shortly.'

She could see his face distinctly from the spot where she stood, and she shrank back aghast at once from the sight with surprise and horror. It was Hugh to be sure, but oh, what a Hugh! How changed and altered from that light and bright young dilettante poet she had loved and worshipped in the old days at Whitestrand! His very form and features, and limbs and figure, were no longer the same; all were unlike, and the difference was all to their disadvantage. The man had not only grown sterner and harder; he was coarser and commoner and less striking than formerly. His very style had suffered visible degeneration. No more of the jaunty old poetical air; turnips and foot-and-mouth disease, the arrears of rent and the struggle against reduction, the shifting sands and the weight of the riparian proprietors' question, had all left their mark stamped deep in ugly lines upon his face and figure. He was handsome still, but in a less refined and delicate type of manly beauty. The long smouldering war between himself and Winifred had changed his expression to a dogged ill-humour. His eyes had grown dull and sordid and selfish, his lips had assumed a sullen set, and a ragged beard with unkempt ends had disfigured

that clear-cut and dainty chin that was once so eloquent of poetry and culture. Altogether, it was but a pale and flabby version of the old, old Hugh—a replica from whose head the halo had faded. Elsie looked down on him from her height of vantage with a thrill of utter and hopeless disillusionment. Then she turned with a pang of remorse to Warren. Was it really possible? Was there once a time when she thought in her heart that self-centred, hard-hearted, cold-featured creature more than a match for such a man as Warren?

'She is dead,' the doctor answered with professional respect. 'She died half an hour ago, quite happy. Her one regret seemed to be for your absence. She was anxiously expecting you to come back and see her.'

Hugh only answered: 'I thought so. Poor child.' But the very way he said it—the half-unconcerned tone, the lack of any real depth of emotion, nay, even of the decent pretence of tears, shocked and appalled Elsie beyond measure. She rushed away into Warren's room, and gave vent once more to her torrent of emotion. The painter laid his hand gently on her beautiful hair. 'O Warren,' she cried, looking up at him half doubtful, 'it makes me ashamed'—And she checked herself suddenly.

'Ashamed of what?' Warren asked her low.

In the fever of her overwrought feelings, she flung herself passionately into his circling arms. 'Ashamed to think,' she answered with a sob of distress, 'that I once loved him!'

CHAPTER XL.—REDIVIVA!

Hugh sat that evening, that crowded evening, alone in his dingy, stingy rooms with his dead Winifred. Alone with his weary, dreary thoughts—his thoughts, and a corpse, and a ghostly presence! Two women had loved him dearly in their time, and he had killed them both—Elsie and Winifred. It was a hateful night—hateful and ghastly; for in the bedroom at the side, the attendants of death, despatched by the doctor, were already busy at their gruesome work, performing the last duties for poor martyred Winifred.

He had offered her up on the altar of his selfish remorse and regret for poor martyred Elsie. The last victim had fallen on the grave of the first. She, too, was dead. And now his house was indeed left unto him desolate.

Somehow, as he sat there, with whirling brain and heated brow, on fire in soul, he thought of Elsie far more than of Winifred. The new bereavement, such as it was, seemed to quicken and accentuate the sense of the old one. Was it that Winifred's wild belief in her recognition of Elsie that day in the street had roused once more the picture of his lost love's face and form so vividly in his mind? Or was it that the girl whom Winifred had pointed out to him did really to some slight extent resemble Elsie? and so recall her more definitely before him? He hardly knew; but of one thing he was certain—Elsie that night monopolised his consciousness. His three-year-old grief was still fresh and green. He thought much of Elsie, and little of Winifred.

Late at night, the well-favoured landlady came

up, courteous and Italian, all respectful sympathy, in a black gown and a mourning head-dress, hastily donned, as becomes those who pay visits of condolence in whatever capacity to the recently bereaved. As for Hugh himself, he wore still his rough travelling suit of gray homespun, and the dust of his journey lay thick upon him. But he roused himself listlessly at the landlady's approach. She was bland, but sympathetic. Where would Monsieur sleep? the amiable proprietress inquired in lisping French. Hugh started at the inquiry. He had never thought at all of that. Anywhere, he answered, in a careless voice: it was all the same to him: *sous les toits*, if necessary.

The landlady bowed a respectful deprecation. She could offer him a small room, a most diminutive room, unfit for Monsieur, in his present condition, but still a *chambre de maître*, just above Madame. She regretted she was unable to afford a better; but the house was full, or, in a word, crowded. The world, you see, was beginning to arrive at San Remo for the season. Proprietors in a health-resort naturally resent a death on the premises, especially at the very outset of the winter: they regard it as a slight on the sanitary reputation of the place, and incline to be rude to the deceased and his family. Yet nothing could be more charming than the landlady's manner; she swallowed her natural internal chagrin at so untoward an event in her own house and at such an untimely crisis, with commendable politeness. One would have said that a death rather advertised the condition of the house than otherwise. Hugh nodded his head in blind acquiescence. 'Où vous voulez, Madame,' he answered wearily. 'Up-stairs, if you wish. I'll go now.—I'm sorry to have caused you so much inconvenience; but we never know when these unfortunate affairs are likely to happen.'

The landlady considered in her own mind that the gentleman's tone was of the most distinguished. Such sweet manners! So thoughtful—so considerate—so kindly respectful for the house's injured feelings! She was conscious that his courtesy called for some slight return. 'You have eaten nothing, Monsieur,' she went on, compassionately. 'In effect, our sorrow makes us forget these details of every-day life. You do not derange us at all; but you must let me send you up some little refreshment.'

Hugh nodded again.

She sent him up some cake and red wine of the country by the Swiss waiter, and Hugh ate it mechanically, for he was not hungry. Excitement and fatigue had worn him out. His game was played. He followed the waiter up to the floor above, and was shown—into the next room to Warren's.

He undressed in a stupid, half dead-alive way, and lay down on the bed with his candle still burning. But he didn't sleep. Weariness and remorse kept him wide awake, worn out as he was, tossing and turning through the long slow hours in silent agony.

Strange to say, the sense of freedom was the strongest of all the feelings that crowded in upon him. Now that Winifred was dead, he could do as he chose with his own. He was no longer tied to her will and her criticisms. When he

got back to England—as he would get back, of course, the moment he had decently buried Winifred—he meant to put up a fitting grave-stone at Orfordness, if he sold the wretched remainder of Whitestrand to do it. A granite cross should mark that sacred spot. Dead Elsie's grave should no longer be nameless. So much, at least, his remorse could effect for him.

For Winifred was dead, and Whitestrand was his own. At the price of that miserable manor of blown sand he had sold his own soul and Elsie's life; and now he would gladly get rid of it all, if only he could raise out of its shrunken relics a monument at Orfordness to Elsie. For three long years, that untended grave had silently accused the remnants of his conscience: he determined it should accuse his soul no longer.

The big clock on the landing ticked monotonously. Each swing of the pendulum tortured him afresh; for it called aloud to his heart in measured tones. It cried as plain as words could say: 'Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, Elsie!'

Ah, yes! He was young enough to begin life afresh, if that were all. To begin all over again is less than nothing to a brave man. But for whom or for what? Selfish as he was, Hugh Massinger couldn't stand up and face the horrid idea of beginning afresh for himself alone. He must have some one to love, or go under for ever.

And still the clock ticked and ticked on; and still it cried in the silence of the night: 'Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, Elsie!'

At last day dawned, and the morning broke. Pale sunlight streamed in at the one south window. The room was bare—a mere servant's attic. Hugh lay still and looked at the gaping cracks that diversified the gaudily painted Italian ceiling. All night through, he had fervently longed for the morning, and thought when it came he would seize the first chance to rise and dress himself. Now it had really come, he lay there unmoved, too tired and too feeble to think of stirring.

Five—six—half-past six—seven. He almost dozed out of pure weariness.

Suddenly, he woke with a quick start. A knock at the door!—a timid knock. Somebody come with a message, apparently. Hugh rose in haste and held the door just a little ajar to ask in his bad Italian, 'What is it?'

A boy's hand thrust a letter sideways through the narrow opening. 'Is it for you, signor?' he asked, peering with black eyes through the chink at the Englishman.

Hugh glanced at the letter in profound astonishment. O heavens, what was this? How incredible—how mysterious! For a moment the room swam wildly around him; he hardly knew how to believe his eyes. Was it part of the general bewilderment of things that seemed to conspire by constant shocks against his perfect sanity? Was he going mad, or was some enemy trying to confuse and confound him? Had some wretch been dabbling in hideous forgeries? For the envelope was addressed—O horror of horrors!—in dead Elsie's hand; and it bore in those well-known angular characters the simple inscription, 'WARREN RELF, Esq., Villa della Fontana (Piano 3^a), Avenue Vittorio-Emmanuele, San Remo.'

He recognised this voice from the grave at once. Dead Elsie! To Warren Relf! His fingers clutched it with a fierce mad grip. He could never give it up. To Warren Relf! And from dead Elsie!

'Is it for you, signor?' the boy asked once more, as he let it go with reluctance from his olive-brown fingers.

'For me?—Yes,' Hugh answered still clutching it eagerly. 'For me!—Who sends it?'

'The signorina at the Villa Rossa—Signorina Cialoner,' the boy replied, getting as near as his Italian lips could manage to the sound of Chaloner. 'She told me most stringently to deliver it up to yourself, signor, into your proper fingers, and on no account to let it fall into the hands of the English gentleman on the second story.'

'Good,' Hugh answered, closing the door softly. 'That's quite right. Tell her you gave it me.' Then he added in English with a cry of triumph: 'Good-morning, jackanapes!' After which he flung himself down on the bed once more in a perfect frenzy of indecision and astonishment.

For two minutes he couldn't make up his mind to break open that mysterious missive from the world of the dead, so strangely delivered by an unknown hand at his own door on the very morrow of Winifred's sudden death, and addressed in buried Elsie's hand, as clear as of old, to his dearest enemy. What a horrible concatenation of significant circumstances. He turned it over and over again, unopened, in his awe; and all the time that morose clock outside still ticked in his ear, less loudly than before: 'Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, Elsie!'

At last, making up his mind with a start, he opened it, half overcome with a pervading sense of mystery. And this was what he read in it, beyond shadow of doubt, in dead Elsie's very own handwriting:

VILLA ROSSA, Thursday, 7.30, morning.

DEAREST WARREN—I will be ready, as you suggest, by the 9.40. But you mustn't go with me farther than Paris. That will allow you to get back to Edie and the Motherkin by the 6.39 on Saturday evening.—I wish I could have waited here in San Remo till after dear Winifred's funeral was over; but I quite see with you how dangerous such a course might prove. Every moment I stop exposes me to the chance of an unexpected meeting. You must call on Hugh when you get back from Paris, and give him poor Winifred's last forgiving message. Some day—you know when, dearest—I may face seeing him myself, perhaps; and then I can fulfil my promise to her in person. But not till then. And that may be never. I hardly know what I'm writing, I feel so dazed; but I'll meet you at the station at the hour you mention.—No time for more. In great haste—my hand shakes with the shock still.—Yours ever lovingly and devotedly, ELSIE.

The revulsion was awful. For a minute or two, Hugh failed to take it all in. You cannot unthink past years at a jump. The belief that Elsie was dead and buried at Orfordness had grown so ingrained in the fabric of his brain that at first he suspected deliberate treachery. Such things have been. He had forged himself: might not Warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning his own weapon—meanly—against him?

But as he gazed and gazed at dead Elsie's hand—dead Elsie's own hand—unmistakably hers—no forger on earth (not even himself) was ever half so clever—the truth grew gradually clearer and clearer. Dead Elsie was Elsie dead no longer; she had escaped on that awful evening at Whitstrand. It wasn't Elsie at all that was buried in the nameless grave at Orfordness. The past was a lie. The present alone—the present was true. Elsie was here, to-day, at San Remo!

He buried his face in his hands and wept—wept as he never had wept for Winifred—wept as he never had wept in his life before—wept with frantic gladness for Elsie recovered.

Slowly his conceptions framed themselves anew. His mind could only take it all in piecemeal. Bit by bit he set himself to the task—no less a task than to reconstruct the universe.—Winifred must have known Elsie was here. It was Elsie herself that Winifred and he had seen yesterday.

Fresh thoughts poured in upon him in a bewildering flood. He was dazzled, dazed, dumfounded with their number. Elsie was alive, and he had something left, therefore, to live for. Yesterday morning that knowledge would have been less than nothing worth to him while Winifred lived. To-day, thank heaven—for Winifred was dead—it meant more to him than all the wealth of Croesus.

How opportunely Winifred had disappeared from the scene! In the nick of time—on the very stroke and crisis of his fate! At the turn of the tide that leads on to fortune! *Felix opportunitate mortis*, indeed! He had no regret, no remorse now, for poor betrayed and martyred Winifred.

Winifred! What was Winifred to him, or he to Winifred, in a world that still held his own beloved Elsie?

All's well that ends well. The Winifred episode had come and gone. But Elsie remained as permanent background.

And how strangely Winifred herself, in her mad desire, had contributed to this very *dénouement* of his troubles. 'I shall go to San Remo, if I go at all, and to nowhere else on the whole Riviera. I prefer to face the worst, thank you!' The words flashed back with fresh meaning on his soul. If she hadn't so set her whole heart on San Remo, he himself would never have thought of going there. And then, he would never have known about Elsie. For that at least, he had to thank Winifred.

'When I'm dead and gone, you can marry Elsie!'

But what was this discordant note in the letter—Elsie's letter—to Warren Relf—Warren Relf, his dearest enemy? Was Warren Relf at the pension, then? Had Warren Relf been conspiring against him? In another flash, it all came back to him—the two scenes at the Cheyne Row Club—Warren's conversation with his friend Potts—the mistakes and errors of his hasty preconceptions. How one fundamental primordial blunder had coloured and distorted all his views of the case! He felt sure now, morally sure, that Warren Relf had rescued Elsie—the sneak, the eavesdropper, in his miserable mud-boat! And yet—if Warren Relf hadn't done so, there would be no Elsie at all for him now to live for. He recognised the

fact; and he hated him for it. That he should owe his Elsie to that cur, that serpent!

Discordant note! Why, yes—see this: 'Some day—you know when, dearest—I may face seeing him myself, perhaps. But not till then. And that may be never.'

That may be never! O precious words! She was leaving the door half open, then, for her poet.

Poet! His heart leaped up at the thought. New vistas—old vistas long since closed—opened out afresh in long perspective before him. Ay, with such a fount of inspiration as that, to what heights of poetry might he not yet attain! What peaks of Parnassus might he not yet scale! On what pinnacles of glory might he not yet poise himself! Elsie, Elsie, Elsie! That was a talisman to crush all opposition, an 'Open Sesame' to prise all doors. With Elsie's love, what would be impossible to him?

Life floated in new colours before his eager eyes. He dreamed dreams and saw visions, as he lay on his bed in those golden moments. Earth was dearer, fairer, than he ever deemed it. The fever of love and ambition and hate was upon him now in full force. He reeled and revelled in the plenitude of his own wild and hectic imagination. He could do anything, everything, anything. He could move mountains in his fervent access of faith; he could win worlds in his mad delight; he could fight wild beasts in his sudden glory of heroic temper.

And all the while, poor dead Winifred lay cold and white in the bedroom below. And Elsie was off—off to England—with Warren Relf—that wretch! that serpent!—by the 9.40.

THE ALPHABET.

It is by no means improbable that some of our readers on glancing at the above title may be tempted to exclaim, 'The Alphabet! What can there possibly be to say about that?' At first sight, we grant, the subject does not promise to be an interesting one, nor to offer a very wide field for profitable consideration. And yet nothing can be farther from the truth. The letters of the alphabet are an instance of the greatest effect produced by the smallest means. If we except Chinese symbols, it may perhaps be said that all correspondence between man and man, all that connects one age with another on the page of history, depends upon these characters, which are so familiar to us from our earliest years that there is nothing, as some might think, to say about them that is either interesting or instructive.

The reverse is the fact. For when we look a little deeper into the matter, and inquire in what manner the letters of the alphabet have come to assume their present shapes, who their ancestors were, where they arose, by what processes they have been evolved, and how long a period elapsed before they finally assumed their present forms, a most interesting field of inquiry at once opens out before us, and one with which very few people, save specialists, have more than a limited acquaintance.

We used just now the word 'ancestors:' this reminds us that we sometimes hear people boast of the antiquity of their families, and relate with pardonable pride how an 'ancestor' of theirs was a contemporary of some celebrated personage who figured in the page of history so many hundred years ago; or that they are descended from a family whose achievements in arms, or art, or literature won for them, in ages long since gone, fame and wealth. But all such boasting, natural as it may be, pales and fades into insignificance before the claims to family antiquity which the letters of the alphabet are able to prefer. For if they could speak—as, according to Jewish tradition, the Hebrew letter *yod* once did to the Almighty—if they could narrate their experience, they might boast of a history extending not merely over a few centuries, but reaching back into a past so remote that contemplation begets bewilderment. The 'ancestors' of those very letters which meet the eyes of the readers of this page are no other than the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, which we find on monuments actually older than the Pyramids. It may be a new idea to many, but it is now almost universally admitted that the letters of our alphabet may be traced through successive phases to the ancient pictorial characters of Egypt. Who would have thought it? Incredible as it may seem, the letters with which this page is printed are the lineal descendants of the characters which were in full use when the early Pharaohs sat on the Egyptian throne, and which any of the curious may see for themselves by visiting the Egyptian Court in the British Museum, or the obelisk which now adorns the Thames Embankment.

But before attaining their present form, these letters have undergone many a change and experienced many a vicissitude.

To begin at the beginning, with the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It must be remembered that these quaint symbols were not an alphabet in our sense of the word. All of them originally were meant to represent not sounds, but things or ideas. The picture of a sail meant air, breath, the winds. The figure of a sharp-pointed knife stood, in the proper connections, for to cut, to prick, to kill, to whet. But by degrees some of the hieroglyphs came to stand simply for sounds; they became what are called *phonograms*. There seem to have been as many as four hundred phonograms, some of which stood for the sounds of entire words, others for the sounds of syllables, while some forty-five of them stood for still simpler sounds, and so had nearly an alphabetic value. But with such a multiplicity of signs, and of different values for the signs, reading and writing must for ancient Egyptians have always proved a pretty laborious business.

At a very early period, the Phœnicians, a great trading people, came from Tyre and Sidon, and had settlements in Egypt. Keenly alive to the value of written records, they managed to secure the advantages of the Egyptian writing

	EGYPTIAN	PHENICIAN	GREEK				LATIN				HEBREW
1		𐤀	Α	Α	Λ	α	Α	Α	λ	α	א
2		𐤁	Β	Β	Β	β	Β	Β	β	ב	ב
3		𐤂	Γ	Γ	Γ	γ	Γ	Γ	γ	ג	ג
4		𐤃	Δ	Δ	Δ	δ	Δ	Δ	δ	ד	ד
5		𐤄	Ε	Ε	Ε	ε	Ε	Ε	ε	ה	ה
6		𐤅	Υ	Υ	Υ	υ	Υ	Υ	υ	ו	ו
7		𐤆	Ζ	Ζ	Ζ	ζ	Ζ	Ζ	ζ	ז	ז
8		𐤇	Η	Η	Η	η	Η	Η	η	ח	ח
9		𐤈	Θ	Θ	Θ	θ	Θ			ט	ט
10		𐤉	Ι	Ι	Ι	ι	Ι	Ι	ι	י	י
11		𐤊	Κ	Κ	Κ	κ	Κ	Κ	κ	כ	כ
12		𐤋	Λ	Λ	Λ	λ	Λ	Λ	λ	ל	ל
13		𐤌	Μ	Μ	Μ	μ	Μ	Μ	μ	מ	מ
14		𐤍	Ν	Ν	Ν	ν	Ν	Ν	ν	נ	נ
15		𐤎	Ξ	Ξ	Ξ	ξ	Ξ	Ξ	ξ	ס	ס
16		𐤏	Ο	Ο	Ο	ο	Ο			ע	ע
17		𐤐	Π	Π	Π	π	Π	Π	π	פ	פ
18		𐤑	Ρ	Ρ	Ρ	ρ	Ρ			צ	צ
19		𐤒	Φ	Φ	Φ	φ	Φ	Φ	φ	ק	ק
20		𐤓	Ρ	Ρ	Ρ	ρ	Ρ	Ρ	ρ	ר	ר
21		𐤔	Σ	Σ	Σ	σ	Σ	Σ	σ	ש	ש
22		𐤕	Τ	Τ	Τ	τ	Τ	Τ	τ	ת	ת
	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII	IX	X	XI

without its tediousness and cumbrousness; and of the enormous number of Egyptian signs they employed only as many as they found necessary to express the sounds of their own language, which was much the same as that of the Jews. They left the hieroglyphs for ideas and those for words and for syllables alone; and out of the forty-five alphabetic symbols selected twenty-one of the most suitable. To these twenty-one they probably added another of their own invention; and had now, for the first time in the history of the world, a single simple alphabet. From this alphabet are derived not merely that which we use, but all the alphabets of the world, directly or indirectly, including the Arabic, the various Indian alphabets, and even the Malay.

The Phœnicians did not copy the hieroglyphic form of the twenty-one hieroglyphs they selected. They found ready to their hand a more convenient form of them. For the Egyptian priests, writing on papyrus, had already come to use simplified forms of the hieroglyphs. Instead of the complete figure of an eagle, for example, the priests made a single twisted curved stroke something like a 2. It was this, the priestly or hieratic form, that the Phœnicians took over; but they did not exactly copy the hieratic characters. The Phœnician letters as known to us were not written on a smooth substance like papyrus, but scratched or carved on hard surfaces; and so they came to differ considerably from their models, being more angular and stiffer than the flowing curves suited for papyrus writing.

The Greeks believed that they learnt their letters from a Phœnician called Cadmus. That they got them from the Phœnicians with whom they traded, is certain, for the forms of the oldest Greek letters are nearly identical with those of Phœnician inscriptions yet extant. 'Cadmus' is probably simply the Phœnician *Kadmon*, 'Man of the East.' The Greek colonists who settled in Italy took a form of their alphabet with them, and this the Romans borrowed. And from the Romans the nations of the greater part of modern Europe and America have obtained the alphabet now used by them.

The table on the opposite page has been prepared to show the principal changes which the hieroglyphs underwent in passing from the Egyptians to the Phœnicians, and from them to the Greeks and Romans. It is taken from the article on the 'Alphabet' in the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (vol. I. 1888); which article is by Canon Isaac Taylor, author of the most important recent work on the subject—*The Alphabet* (2 vols. 1883).

The column on the left (column I.) shows the Egyptian hieroglyphs; col. II. the hieratic form of them; col. III. the Phœnician letters; cols. IV. to VII. the chief Greek forms of the same alphabetic signs; cols. VIII. to X. the Roman or Latin forms; while col. XI. is the square or later Hebrew—the oldest Hebrew having been nearly identical with the Phœnician.

It will be observed that col. VII., the Greek minuscules, or small letters, and col. X., the Latin minuscules, resemble the small letters of our own alphabet; while cols. IV. V. VI. VIII. and IX., the majuscules, look like capitals. It is the fact that our small letters are derived from the Latin minuscules, which were derived from the majus-

cules. But it should be noted that whereas Greeks and Romans wrote entire books in majuscule or capital letters only, we have found reason for printing the bulk of our literary matter in minuscules, while we intersperse capitals or majuscules here and there, at the beginning of sentences, in proper names, and the like.

We have not yet explained the word *alphabet*. In the first column of the table we see that the Egyptian hieroglyph which, when taken with alphabetic value, corresponded to A, was a picture of an eagle with beak and claws complete, and was called *Ahom*, the Egyptian word for eagle. That corresponding to our B was the picture of a crane, very graphically drawn. The Phœnicians got their A, however, not from the drawing of the eagle, but from the double curve of the hieratic writing; and making a kind of triangle with points projecting, called it *Aleph*, the Phœnician word for ox. Perhaps they saw in the symbol as they made it a resemblance to the head and horns of an ox; perhaps they just took the first convenient word in their own tongue that commenced with the sound of A. Just as we say to children, 'A was an archer who shot at a frog, B was a butcher who had a great dog,' not because A is like an archer or B like a butcher, but because 'archer' begins with A, and 'butcher' with B. So that, whether the character of *Aleph* is like an ox, or that of *Beth* like a house or tent, or that of *Gimel* like the head and neck of a camel, certain it is that *Aleph* begins with A, *Beth* with B and *Gimel* with G. The word *Aleph* in Greek became *Alpha* (a word that has no meaning in Greek), and *Beth* was made *Beta*, also quite unmeaning to Greek ears; and so the noble name of *alphabet* is a contracted form of *Alpha-beta*, Greek corruptions of *Aleph-beth*, Phœnician and Hebrew words for 'ox' and 'house.' However this may be, we yet owe a heavier debt of gratitude than we can easily realise to the Romans, who passed on the obligation from Greek colonists, they from Phœnician trading sailors, and they from Egyptian priests of a time long prior to the Hebrew exodus; while the Egyptian priests were the descendants and debtors of many generations of the ingenious, laborious, mysterious people who built pyramids, sculptured vast temples, painted rock tombs, adorned coffins, and embalmed their nearest and dearest to be exhibited as Egyptian mummies in every great European museum.

And if the letters have seen various forms, it is no less true that the mode of writing has varied considerably. At one time the scribe wrote in vertical columns, from the top of the page to the bottom, as is the custom in China and Japan to-day: at other times he wrote from right to left, a method adopted in the very early Greek inscriptions: at other times, again, in the style technically known as *boustrophædon*, that is, in the manner of an ox ploughing furrows in a field, beginning a fresh line on the same side on which the last left off: and finally, sometimes he wrote from left to right, as we do now, each line commencing immediately beneath its predecessor.

It is a far cry from the sands of Gizeh to London; but if King Cheops, who built the Great Pyramid, were now to be shown a page of the *Times*, he would actually see, though he

would probably fail to recognise in the letters before him, the descendants of those pictorial hieroglyphs that were in common use in his day.

MRS FARQUHARSON'S NIECE.

CHAP. III.—AN UNSEEN LISTENER.

As already mentioned, I purposed going to Shuttleton that afternoon. My business was to buy some wool for a sofa-blanket which I intended knitting as a present to the curate's wife, whom I occasionally visited. On leaving the wool-shop, a heavy shower of rain came on, and I hurried along for shelter to the inn, to Mrs Jenkyns. I found that lady in the midst of a hubbub caused by the arrival of a picnic party, who were occupying her large back room and all demanding to be served immediately.

'Oh, it is you, miss.—Just go up-stairs to my room till the rain is over. I am so busy, I don't know which way to turn.'

I went up-stairs as directed. The inn was an old-fashioned square sort of building, three stories in height. Mrs Jenkyns' room was on the first floor. On the flat above, the rooms were seldom used, except when the inn was full, which was not often. I had heard Mrs Glass speak of the view of the Manor grounds to be obtained from the upper windows; and as Mrs Jenkyns would not object to my taking the liberty, I left my parcel and umbrella in her room and proceeded to the upper story. There were three rooms looking to the back. Formerly, there had been but two; a wooden partition had, however, been erected, dividing the larger room, and leaving a small bedroom facing the stair. It was this room into which I entered. I glanced from the window: the rain was still pouring steadily. In the distance I saw nearly the entire grounds of the Manor. The trees of the avenue hid the house itself; but the river winding round behind it and the little island not far from the house were visible. A person with a small telescope or opera glass could easily have distinguished people walking in the grounds. I thought the view would be even better from the window of the room to the right, and I was about to go into it, when I heard heavy footsteps below on the first stair. I did not think of the persons ascending to the upper story, yet I paused to listen. I could hear the voices of two men as they ascended. They did not stop at the first landing, but were evidently coming higher. I did not wish to be disturbed, and hastily turned back into the room and slipped the bolt softly into the socket, afraid lest they might be the worse of liquor. Their heavy footsteps drowned the noise I made. At the second landing the men turned into the room to the right. The partition between being of wood, I could distinctly hear every word of their conversation.

'You are sure we cannot be overheard here, Jacobs?' said one of them in a voice the smooth tones of which I did not like.

'Perfectly certain. I am the only one on this flat, and they are all engaged down-stairs; but I will look and see, in case. I selected this room because of the view. Look! You can see nearly the entire Manor grounds, with the exception of

the little bit near the river on to the turn, and the garden at the back of the house, which are hidden by the big close hedge dividing them from Farmer Shiell's ground.—I will be back in a minute.'

I heard him leave the room, walk along the landing to the room on the left, and next try the door of the room where I was. There were two rooms to the front, which he also examined.

'There is no one here but ourselves,' he said to his companion. 'The room next to us is locked, and there is no one in the others.'

'Well,' said the other man, 'you can tell me now how matters stand. You say you sent on word to headquarters this morning. I left shortly after mid-day, before your letter arrived. I was fortunate in meeting you so near your inn; I was afraid you might be away somewhere.'

'I would have been, but for this confounded rain, which drove me home.—The game is nearly played out, Jack. Our bird is caged to a certainty.'

'No!' cried Jack in a tone of surprise.—'Then he is here, after all.—Have you seen him?'

'Not near enough till yesterday to be able to swear positively to him. But I am now certain it is he, and no one else. He never comes outside the grounds, and there is no hiding-place near enough the house to allow one to get a close view. There is some shrubbery near to the gate where one can hide; from that place of concealment I have seen him frequently at a distance strolling about the grounds in company with his old fossil of an uncle, or with that little governess or companion, or whatever she is. How I have laughed to myself when I saw them going about, to think how, if my suspicions were correct, the little companion would stare when once she found it all out. Yesterday, he came very near the shrubbery in his walk, and I got a proper look at him. It is he beyond a doubt; and a very good-looking girl he makes.'

I sat as if turned into stone. Until this last sentence was uttered, the idea that their conversation in any way affected myself had not dawned upon me. Now, a dreadful suspicion that I was only too closely connected with it almost overwhelmed me. Eagerly I strained every nerve to catch their next words.

'How did you manage it? I mean, how did you get on the scent at first?'

'Easy enough. You know I had often seen him along with old Balscombe's nephew, and knew that they were both given to gambling and betting, the difference being that this youngster had very little money, while young Balscombe had plenty. After the forgery was discovered, the young gentleman was accused of it, and of course denied it, though it was as clear as noon-day against him. If he had admitted it, old Balscombe, I believe, would have forgiven him; for he had a great liking for the lad, and intended leaving his business to his nephew and him, ere long. But he was enraged at the young man's hardihood and brazen-facedness, and was determined to punish him. He is a very stern old boy. He gave instructions to have him apprehended; but the youngster contrived to get word of it and give us the slip. I believe old Bates the cashier gave him the wink; and I suspect he is keeping him posted up as to how matters stand, though of course he does not know I am here,

and cannot inform him.—Well, after I had exhausted every source of inquiry, and made pretty sure that my bird was not in hiding in town, I began to make inquiry as to any relatives or friends he might possess. I found out from young Balscombe that he had no other relatives save a couple of aunts, both by his mother's side—one in this place, and another down in Hampshire; and an old uncle who wasn't of much account. This being nearest, I came here first. I then discovered that his aunt, Mrs Farquharson, lived here very retired with her brother—the old uncle whom I mentioned—her servants, and a young girl as companion; but that she had at present a niece staying with her, whom nobody could tell me much about. I succeeded in ascertaining, however, that her name was Selwyn, that she had but recently come here, and that her mother was a sister of Mrs Farquharson's. As you know, I suspected this niece might be my young gentleman in disguise, for I had heard of the same trick before. I therefore determined not to leave the place until I saw her, which I did while she was walking about the Manor grounds, as I have already told you; but though I was almost certain it was the gentleman I wanted, he was well disguised, and I could not get a near view till yesterday afternoon. Two days ago, I laylaid one of the servants, and, by adroit questioning, found out, amongst other things, that the supposed niece had arrived here rather unexpectedly, and with scarcely any luggage, on the afternoon of the day on which young Vanburgh left his lodgings; and that she was a very peculiar young lady in her ways. This confirmed my suspicions. Still, the young lady might turn out to be a bonâ-fide Miss Selwyn after all. Meantime, Bob was making inquiry down in Hampshire regarding the other aunt.

'But,' interrupted Jack, 'if you were so certain yesterday afternoon, why did you not telegraph at once to headquarters?'

'Because I waited till I had Bob's report, which I expected last night by the eight o'clock post; and I would not have got the warrant till this afternoon at anyrate, probably; so little time has been lost. I did get his report. He says that there is a Mrs Selwyn residing in Brackley in that county, an aunt of young Vanburgh's, who has indeed a daughter; but the poor girl is silly, and is never seen outside the house. Her mother never leaves her. She is an only child. Therefore, the Miss Selwyn who is here must be an impostor.—A clever young dog, is he not, but not clever enough for me.—Eh, Jack?'

'What do you intend doing now? Have him apprehended, I suppose?'

'Yes; but not until to-morrow morning. Bob will arrive to-night with the warrant, for we must have everything perfectly formal, in case they should show fight. We could apprehend him to-night; but there is really no hurry, as I am certain they suspect nothing. Besides, I am dead-tired. I have been haunting that blessed shrubbery till I am as stiff as a post. I was up there this forenoon.—Have a look through this opera-glass.—There! You can see most that passes in the Manor grounds; it brings them quite close. I told you I selected this room because of the view. Thank goodness, the game is about over now.—Let us go down-stairs and have a drink,

and then we will have a stroll round. The rain has gone off now. You will, of course, wait here to-night and see the fun to-morrow morning. You can have the room next mine.'

I would have given anything to be safe home at the Manor. My limbs trembled so that I could hardly stand. Everything was now clear to me. Miss Selwyn was Mrs Farquharson's nephew, Jack Vanburgh, in disguise! I had often heard of him, though I had never seen him; but I knew his aunt saw him sometimes when she went to London, and that she had sent home money from India for his education, he having been left an orphan early. Till lately, he had lived with an uncle, a bachelor brother of his father's, who had died some four months ago. Since that time he had been in lodgings.

Trembling like a criminal going to execution, I stole down-stairs after the men left their room. What if they should observe me and suspect? They were still about the premises. Mrs Jenkyns, too, might say something which would reach their ears. I determined to effect my exit by the back way, and out at the garden gate into the little lane beyond. In this I was successful. I got out of the inn unobserved. The rain had ceased; but I was in no mood to care although it had been pouring. My thoughts were concentrated on reaching home without delay. Something must be done to save Miss Selwyn—or rather Mr Vanburgh. I felt my face redden as I thought how frequently I had allowed the pseudo Miss Selwyn to kiss me; and I could now understand the half-frightened looks of Mrs Farquharson at these times. The use of the razor and the smoking of the cigars were now no longer to be wondered at.

I reached the Manor in a whirl of excitement. The hall door was open, and I made my entrance unobserved. I was afraid my looks might have excited comment. Even amidst my agitation, I had hurriedly thought over a plan by which the detective might be foiled, if only it could be managed. We had yet a little time to spare.

'My dear girl, what is the matter?' Mrs Farquharson cried as I bounced unceremoniously into her sitting-room. 'You look as if some one was after you.'

'Where is Miss Selwyn?—Mr Vanburgh, I mean?—I cried breathlessly. 'O Mrs Farquharson, we must save him. They have found out he is here, and are going to apprehend him and take him to prison.'

I thought she would have fainted, she turned so white; but she commanded herself with a violent effort. 'Calm yourself, and tell me all, Naomi,' she said soothingly, taking in the situation at once. 'Miss Selwyn—that is, Jack—is upstairs.'

Hurriedly I related all that had occurred, to which she listened with strained attention. 'You are a good brave girl, Naomi!' she said when I had finished. 'Let us go and tell Jack. Between us, we will surely manage to save him. I thank Heaven, child, that you happened to go to the village this afternoon.'

We found Mr Vanburgh up-stairs, seated before the fire in his room, his heels on a level with his head, engaged in the unladylike occupation of smoking a cigar. 'Hillo! I thought the door was bolted,' he said, starting to his feet as we came sweeping in.—'Why, what the deuce!'—he

exclaimed, catching sight of me, and confusedly glancing from me to the cigar in his hand.

'Naomi knows everything,' said Mrs Farquharson. 'O Jack, you are in great danger;' and she hastily repeated the substance of what I have related.

'By Jove! you are a plucky little girl!' said he, after he had heard all. 'I must get out of here to-night somehow; but where I am to go beats me. I would have gone out of the country at first; but I had neither time nor money; besides, I might have been seized before I could have taken my passage out, and without luggage it would have looked suspicious.'

'If you are willing to go abroad, I can put you on a plan,' I said. 'I thought of it on the way here. Money is not even necessary for your passage until it can be remitted you, if you have sufficient for your wants otherwise.'

'That can be managed, for I have two hundred pounds lying here in cash,' interrupted Mrs Farquharson. 'I sent to my bankers for it only this week, in case of an emergency of this kind.—But for your plan, Naomi?'

'It is this,' said I: 'A friend of my father's, Captain Gray, a Scotchman, like papa, and an old schoolmate of his, sails for Australia by the ship *Dido*, leaving London to-morrow morning early, as my mother's letter mentioned yesterday. He will do anything for papa, or for me either, for I am named after his wife, who is dead. My plan is, that Mr Vanburgh leaves here at once, carrying with him a letter from me to papa, and catches the twenty-five minutes to eight train at Harley Junction, which you know is but four miles from here. It is now half-past five, and he has ample time to walk the distance. That train does not stop at Shuttleton, and even although it did, he dare not risk going there. He will reach London before ten o'clock, and can at once take a cab to papa's, who is sure to be at home at that hour. My letter will state that Miss Selwyn is a friend of mine who has been imperatively summoned to Australia—say to Sydney, at once, and ask papa to secure a passage for her immediately with Captain Gray. The suddenness of the call will excuse the want of luggage. Papa will ask no questions. If Mr Vanburgh thinks it expedient, he can confide in Captain Gray, who is to be trusted, during the passage; or if not, can resume his own dress after landing.'

'Your plan is admirable, child,' said Mrs Farquharson, kissing me fervently.—'Jack, she has thought of everything.'

'I will go and write at once, then,' I said, 'if you will order tea without delay.'

SOME MONSTER NUGGETS.

THERE was recently on exhibition in the city of London the largest 'nugget,' or, to use a phrase that will perhaps be more readily understood by the majority of non-colonial readers, lump of gold that has been found of recent years in the Australian colonies. Its weight was 617 ounces, and its value in current coin £2400. But, though this 'Lady Loch' nugget (for so it was named, after the wife of Sir Henry Brougham Loch, the present Viceroy of the colony of Victoria, in which it was found) attracted a large amount of attention at the antipodes, and was also an object

of considerable curiosity in London, it would have been thought little of some twenty or thirty years ago, when monster nuggets were no novelties on the colonial goldfields. But these large masses of gold were mostly found on or near the surface, and ever since the era of deep-sinking commenced, they have been but rarely met with. As most people are aware, gold-mining in Australia is now chiefly carried on by the systematic crushing of the auriferous quartz, which is brought to the surface from depths exceeding two thousand feet in some instances. In the early digging days the workings were almost entirely of a superficial character, and it was in the alluvial soil thus opened up that most of the monster nuggets were discovered from time to time. A lengthy official list of these interesting lumps of gold is given in the chapter commencing at page 355 of Mr Brough Smyth's *Goldfields and Mineral Districts of Victoria* (Trübner, London, 1869); and further information on the subject will be found in Mr George Sutherland's interesting *Tales of the Goldfields* (George Robertson, Melbourne, 1880), and in a scientific treatise entitled *Notes on the Physical Geography, Geology, and Mineralogy of Victoria* (George Robertson, Melbourne, 1866), by Alfred R. C. Selwyn and George Ulrich.

It is a noteworthy fact that one colony, Victoria, has not only produced the largest nugget the world has ever seen, but has outdistanced all competitors in the quantity and variety of its lesser golden glories. The famous nugget answering to the above description is known in history as the 'Welcome Stranger.' It was discovered under singular circumstances in the Dunolly district of Victoria, which is one hundred and ten miles north-west of the capital, Melbourne, by two Cornish miners named Deeson and Oates. Their career is remarkable, as showing how fortune, after frowning for years, will suddenly smile on the objects of her apparent aversion. These two Cornishmen emigrated from England to Australia by the same vessel in 1854. They betook themselves to the far-famed Sandhurst Goldfield in Victoria; they worked together industriously for years, and yet only contrived to make a bare livelihood by their exertions. Thinking that change of place might possibly mean change of luck, they moved to the Dunolly Goldfield, and their spirits were considerably raised by the discovery of some small nuggets. But this was only a momentary gleam of sunshine, for their former ill-luck pursued them again, and pursued them even more relentlessly than before.

The time at last came, on the morning of Friday, February 5, 1869, when the storekeeper with whom they were accustomed to deal refused to supply them any longer with the necessities of life until they liquidated the debt they had already incurred. For the first time in their lives they went hungry to work, and the spectacle of these two brave fellows fighting on an empty stomach against continued ill-luck must have moved the fickle goddess to pity and repentance. Gloomy and depressed as they naturally were, they plied their picks with indomitable perseverance, and while Deeson was breaking up the earth around the roots of a tree, his pick suddenly and sharply rebounded by reason of its having struck some very hard substance. 'Come and see what this is,' he called out to his mate. To their

astonishment, 'this' turned out to be the 'Welcome Stranger' nugget; and thus two poverty-stricken Cornish miners became in a moment the possessors of the largest mass of gold that mortal eyes ever saw, or are likely to see again. Such a revolution of fortune is probably unique in the annals of the human race. Almost bewildered by the unexpected treasure they had found at their feet, Deeson and Oates removed the superincumbent clay, and there revealed to their wondering eyes was a lump of gold, a foot long and a foot broad, and so heavy that their joint strength could scarcely move it. A dray having been procured, the monster nugget was escorted by an admiring procession into the town of Dunolly, and carried into the local branch of the London Chartered Bank, where it was weighed, and found to contain 2268½ ounces of gold. The Bank purchased the nugget for £9534, which the erstwhile so unlucky, but now so fortunate, pair of Cornish miners divided equally between them. Whether the storekeeper who refused them the materials for a breakfast that morning apologised for his harsh behaviour, history relates not, but the probability is that he was paid the precise amount of his debt and no more; whereas, had he acted in a more generous spirit towards two brothers in distress, he might have come in for a handsome present out of the proceeds of the 'Welcome Stranger.'

The 'Welcome' nugget, found at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, in Victoria, on June 15, 1858, was nearly as large as the one just described, its weight being 2217 ounces 16 dwts. It was found at a depth of one hundred and eighty feet in a claim belonging to a party of twenty-four men, who disposed of it for £10,500. A smaller nugget, weighing 571 ounces, was found in close proximity to it. After being exhibited in Melbourne, the 'Welcome' nugget was brought to London and smelted in November 1859. The assay showed that it contained 99·20 per cent. of gold.

Another valuable nugget, which was brought to London and exhibited at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, was the 'Blanche Barkly,' found by a party of four diggers on August 27, 1857, at Kingower, Victoria, just thirteen feet beneath the surface. It was twenty-eight inches long, ten inches broad in its widest part, and weighed 1743 ounces 13 dwts. It realised £6905, 12s. 6d. A peculiarity about this nugget was the manner in which it had eluded the efforts of previous parties to capture it. Three years before its discovery, a number of miners, judging the place to be a 'likely' locality, had sunk holes within a few feet of the spot where this golden mass was reposing, and yet they were not lucky enough to strike it. What a tantalising thought it must have been in after-years, when they reflected on the fact that they were once within an arm's length of £7000 without being fortunate enough to grasp the golden treasure! Kingower, like Dunolly, from which it is only a few miles distant, is a locality famous for its nuggets. One weighing 230 ounces was actually found on the surface covered with green moss; and pieces of gold have frequently been picked up there after heavy rains, the water washing away the thin coating of earth that had previously concealed them. Two men working in the Kingower district in 1860 found a very fine nugget, weigh-

ing 805 ounces, within a foot of the surface; and one of 715 ounces was unearthed at Daisy Hill at a depth of only three and a half feet.

A notable instance of rapid fortune was that of a party of four, who, having been but a few months in the colony of Victoria, were lucky enough to alight on a nugget weighing 1615 ounces. They immediately returned to England with their prize, and sold it for £5532, 7s. 4d. The place where they thus quickly made their 'pile,' to use an expressive colonialism, was Canadian Gully, at Ballarat, a very prolific nugget-ground. There was also found the 'Lady Hotham' nugget, called after the wife of Sir Charles Hotham, one of the early governors of Victoria. It was discovered on September 8, 1854, at a depth of 135 feet. Its weight was 1177 ounces; and near it were found a number of smaller nuggets of the aggregate weight of 2600 ounces, so that the total value of the gold extracted from this one claim was no less than £13,000. As showing the phenomenal richness of this locality, it may be added that on January 20, 1853, a party of three brought to the surface a solid mass of gold weighing 1117 ounces; and two days afterwards, in the same tunnel, a splendid pyramidal-shaped nugget weighing 1011 ounces was discovered; the conjoint value of the two being £7500.

A case somewhat similar to one already described was that of the 'Heron' nugget, a solid mass of gold to the amount of 1008 ounces, which was found at Fryer's Creek, Victoria, by two young men who had been only three months in the colony. They were offered £4000 for it in Victoria; but they preferred to bring it to England as a trophy, and there they sold it for £4080.

The 'Victoria' nugget, as its name suggests, was purchased by the Victorian government for presentation to Her Majesty. It was a very pretty specimen of 340 ounces, worth £1650, and was discovered at White Horse Gully, Sandhurst. Quite close to it, and within a foot of the surface, was found the 'Dascombe' nugget, weighing 330 ounces, which was also brought to London, and sold for £1500.

Just as a book should never be judged by its cover, so mineral substances should not be estimated by superficial indications. A neglect of this salutary precept was once very nearly resulting in the loss of a valuable Victorian nugget. A big lump of quartz was brought to the surface, and, as its exterior aspect presented only slight indications of the existence of gold, it was at first believed to be valueless; but as soon as the mass was broken up, there, embedded in the quartz, was a beautiful nugget of an oval shape.

New South Wales, the parent colony of the Australian group, has produced a considerable quantity of gold, but not many notable nuggets. Its most famous nugget was discovered by a native boy in June 1851 at Meroo Creek, near the present town of Bathurst. This black boy was in the employ of Dr Kerr as a shepherd, and one day, whilst minding his sheep, he casually came across three detached pieces of quartz. He tried to turn over the largest of the pieces with his stick; but he was astonished to find that the lump was much heavier than the ordinary quartz

with which he was familiar. Bending down and looking closer, he saw a shining yellow mass lying near; and when he at last succeeded in lifting up the piece of quartz, his eyes expanded on observing that the whole of its under surface was of the same shining complexion. He probably did not realise the full value of his discovery; but he had sufficient sense to break off a few specimens and hasten to show them to his master. Dr Kerr set off at once to verify the discovery; and when he arrived at the spot, his most sanguine anticipations were fulfilled by the event. He found himself the possessor of 1272 ounces of gold; and he rewarded the author of his wealth, the little black boy, with a flock of sheep and as much land as was needed for their pasture.

It has been the fashion of late years to speak of the days of big nuggets as having gone for ever; but the recent finding of two such brilliant specimens as the 'Lady Brassey' and the 'Lady Loch' is a sufficient negative to such a gratuitous hypothesis. Irrespective of the old and long-established goldfields, there are still not a few undeveloped auriferous areas in various parts of Victoria, notably in the extensive Gippsland district; and in these latter it is not only possible, but, judging from analogy, highly probable that there are big nuggets lying not many feet from the surface awaiting the advent of the adventurous and lucky digger.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

IN a populous city in the west of England lately lived a Jew named Solomon Isaac. That he 'lent at usance' would seem to go without saying. He had, in fact, for many years carried on the combined business of a pawnbroker and jeweller. At the time of which we write he was in decidedly easy circumstances, and having entered upon the declining years of life, he had transferred to his son the active management of his business, and had resolved to take things comfortably. In appearance, Solomon bore but little resemblance to the conventional Hebrew money-lender. His features, as a whole, clearly denoted his extraction; but his nose lacked the significant hook, and his form was portly; while his habitual cheerfulness evinced that he was neither remarkably avaricious nor malevolent.

In the afternoon of a summer day, not many years since, Solomon was seated at his desk in that part of his establishment which was known as 'the office.' His son was away for the day. The heat was oppressive, and to an attentive observer, it must have appeared that Solomon—like Homer—occasionally nodded. Solomon was disturbed in his nap by the entrance of a stranger. He was a tall, middle-aged man, showily dressed and self-possessed. After explaining that unexpected calls had been made upon his purse, he begged that Solomon would accommodate him until the morning with a loan of ten pounds, and he proffered as security a valuable-looking diamond ring. Solomon tested the gold and scrutinised the stones, and, feeling satisfied of the sufficient value of the ring, conceded the

desired advance; whereupon, with a profusion of thanks, the stranger—who had given the name of Wilkins—took his departure.

In the morning, the son resumed his duties in the business. He also tested the ring, and, to the amazement of his father, pronounced the stones to be paste, and the value of the ring to be a fifth of the sum for which it had been pledged. Solomon again examined the stones, and was obliged to concur in his son's opinion. He was extremely mortified at having proved such an easy dupe; and felt highly indignant that an attempt should have been made to swindle him, who had grown old in the trade, and whose astuteness in business was matter of common notoriety.

It was not very long, however, before Solomon regained his usual composure of mind, and when, a little later in the day, a second stranger entered the shop, Solomon stepped forward with alacrity to serve him. The new arrival may be appropriately described as an 'elderly gentleman of respectable appearance,' and he made known to Solomon his desire to purchase 'a trifle for a present.' As he had previously inspected, from the outside, the contents of the shop window, Solomon at once placed before him for selection a considerable quantity of other jewelry. The fancy of the gentleman, oddly enough, was at last taken by some rather valuable rings. A nice ring, he thought, would answer his purpose admirably; but he was remarkably fastidious. None of the rings which he looked at would exactly suit, and it seemed to be impossible to please him, when the son fetched from the office and deposited in his father's hands the ring pledged by Mr Wilkins on the previous day. It was strange that it had not occurred to Solomon to offer this ring. Both he and his son, by an easy process of reasoning, had arrived at the conclusion that Mr Wilkins would be unlikely to relieve them of it, and they had therefore determined to sell it. On beholding this ring, the eyes of the gentleman sparkled. He fitted it on his finger, extolled its beauty, and gazed on it approvingly; yet he seemed unable to come to a decision. With the ring in his hand, he entered, apparently, into an abstruse mental calculation, and finally gave back the ring with a show of great reluctance, and an expression of regret that unless his judgment deceived him, the price must be more than he could afford. Solomon generously inquired what he would give for it, and the gentleman, after some further hesitation, diffidently suggested five pounds. With this offer Solomon promptly closed; and the gentleman left, apparently quite satisfied with his purchase.

As soon as he was fairly out of hearing, Solomon and his son exulted over their good fortune. The son, in a bantering tone, took the credit to himself for having introduced the ring; but Solomon, while appreciating his son's astuteness, was not to be deprived of the credit of having, as he said, made the best of a bad bargain.

The day, however, had yet another surprise in store. The innocent rillery in which Solomon

and his son had indulged had hardly subsided when Mr Wilkins again appeared upon the scene. With a smile of recognition, he advanced towards Solomon, and informing him that, according to promise, he had come to return the loan with which he had been favoured on the previous day, deposited the amount with his ticket on the counter, and politely asked for his ring. Solomon and his son were stupefied, and for some seconds gazed in confusion at each other. The silence was eventually broken by Solomon, who, addressing Mr Wilkins, explained that having detected that the stones were spurious, they had assumed—and too hastily, as it now appeared—that he would not return to redeem the ring, and it had therefore been sold. At this intelligence, the rage of Mr Wilkins was intense. It was evident, he said, that they were incompetent to judge of the value of the ring, which was, at least, three times as great as the paltry sum which they had lent him. For what had they sold it? Five pounds? Ridiculous! They knew that they had no right to sell property received in pledge except at the time and in the manner authorised by law; and had they possessed the right to sell his ring, how could they justify their accepting even five pounds for it, seeing that they did not believe the diamonds to be genuine? In answer to these pertinent inquiries, Solomon could only tender a humble apology for his mistake. But this, as was to be expected, was hardly sufficient; and threatening to consult his legal adviser, Mr Wilkins strode towards the door.

Solomon could not disguise from himself that it would be extremely awkward to have his character for fair dealing successfully impeached in a court of justice. He had also, as he knew, directly violated the law in two respects—first, in selling within the year allowed for redemption; and secondly, in selling privately instead of by public auction. As he reflected upon his position, his mind filled with alarm, a fact which Mr Wilkins did not fail to perceive. Solomon therefore besought him not to create unpleasantness, and expressed his readiness to make every atonement for the consequences of his error. This conciliatory attitude on the part of Solomon seemed to soften the resentment of Mr Wilkins. The ring, he said, was a souvenir, and he prized it highly on that account. But he had no desire to take undue advantage of Solomon's mistake, and would be satisfied with the money value of the ring, which, at the lowest estimate, he put at thirty pounds. It was painful to Solomon to accede to these terms, but it was clear to him that he had no alternative. He was also wise enough to perceive that, while some part of his conduct would receive the censure of many, the other part would provoke the laughter of all. He therefore doled out the thirty pounds, which Mr Wilkins leisurely gathered up, and, bidding both Solomon and his son a friendly adieu, left the shop with the air of one who felt that he was a benefactor to his race.

On the following day, Solomon chanced to be at the local railway station; and had there lingered in his mind the slightest doubt that he had been cruelly victimised, it would have been rudely dispelled when, at one of the windows of a train slowly steaming away, he descried the jubilant faces of both Mr Wilkins and the

elderly gentleman, the purchaser of the ring. Solomon's emotion at the sight, and his sense of utter helplessness, must be left to the imagination of the reader.

FINE ART IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

HAVING had the recent experience of travelling nearly five hundred miles on three of the principal railway lines, it becomes an easy task, if it were necessary, to compare the travelling comforts of the three systems. Two of them happen to be rivals over a part of their district, and there is not much variety to choose from in the dirty cushions of the third-class carriages. On the score of official courtesy and punctuality there is nothing wanting in any of the three lines; but I was agreeably surprised, as I selected a compartment in a waiting train at the Liverpool Street Station of the Great Eastern Railway, to find that I was surrounded by some charming works of art; and being ultra-curious, I went the whole length of the long train, and found that nearly every carriage had been decorated in the same artistic manner.

Instead of those dreary advertisements connected with ironmongery, insurance, babies' food, and a host of other things which the travelling public are forced to look at, or shut their eyes to escape the painful obtrusions, in the train in question both sides of each compartment were elegantly fitted up, just under the parcel rack, with a mahogany case, in fact a specially constructed picture-frame, containing a photographic series of buildings, mediæval and modern; of scenery, artificial and natural; of life, in the pretty seclusions of the country, and of the more extended seaside. Though I was travelling at the rate of one penny per mile, yet I was seated in a well-appointed carriage with cushioned comforts equal to any ordinary chair, having no trouble about the small parcels, and enjoying the proffered beauties all around the carriage sides. Less than twenty years ago and over the same rails, just before the banishment of those remarkable and perfectly open passenger carriages like the modern bullock-wagons, I undertook one short ride on a frosty morning so as to thoroughly recognise and realise whatever advantages that method of open-air travelling possessed. Things have improved since then even to the value of railway stock, which to-day stands at sixty-six instead of forty something. *Punch* suggested and cartooned the binding of a director (Prometheus-like) to the boiler of every engine, as a probable antidote to the regularity of accidents. The prevalent policy now universally entertained by directors is the old one of prevention being better than cure, especially when one material part of the cure signifies heavy damages.

Being the sole occupant of a compartment during a continuous run of seventy miles, I had sufficient opportunity for examining every picture, and formed a favourable opinion of this new departure in railway art. The presence of such beautiful pictures will be certain to have a refining effect on the different classes of travellers, for who would ever think of destroying or injuring so much beauty? On one of the other main lines I had just travelled by, the only literature in one carriage was the brief announcement

'5 seats,' which had been still further abbreviated by some wandering iconoclast into '5 scats.' But it will be a surprising thing if any but a Bedlamite can injure the travelling things of beauty, although the sight costs nothing. The photographs are decidedly of a character to illustrate the several and varied features of the district served by the Great Eastern Railway, which includes several cathedrals, abbeys, and other ecclesiastical edifices, many ancient and modern buildings, and certainly some delightful examples of still-life amongst the Norfolk broads and river system. The pictures will initiate many a conversation, and ought to provoke closer observation of the works of nature and art with which East Anglia abounds. The project thus commenced is one deserving of imitation and general adoption. It is a very simple arrangement. A piece of polished mahogany is divided into three principal parts, the openings for the pictures being sufficiently large to hold two photos, these of course being protected by glass. On one side of the compartment there were the following four large pictures, eleven inches by seven: Yarmouth Beach, evidently an instantaneous photo of a very busy scene; Lincoln Cathedral; Ely Cathedral and Palace, a winter scene; and Ditton Church with the River Cam. Two round pictures, six inches across, are Ely Cathedral from the river, and Thorpe Reach near Norwich, with a wherry in full sail. Two other excellent views of Ely Cathedral and the east end of Lincoln Cathedral complete this series.

Opposite to me are Geldeston Lock and the River Waveney, in Norfolk—an exquisite rural scene, showing two wooden bridges, well known to the pedestrian amongst the Waveney marshes; the west front of Lincoln Cathedral; and another of the Palace ruins at Lincoln. Two round ones represent Rockland Broad with its gigantic reeds and rushes, a special example of still-life; and another of the Park at Yarmouth with two inevitables, probably girls this time, much interested in being taken in the very middle of a gravel path; and lastly, Lowestoft Beach. Each picture has its designation neatly printed beneath, and nothing is needed but an appreciative public, who with this new order of art enterprise will not only travel, but change carriages oftener than usual, in order to have the full benefit of change of compartments, and therefore of change of scenery, for no two carriages are decorated alike. The irksomeness of being pent up hour after hour at once becomes one degree less; and as there are some individuals who can even see some charms in a railroad, the enlightened and spirited policy of the Great Eastern Railway will enhance the pleasures of a railway journey very greatly in their estimation.

THE DOTY LIGHT.

The rapid development of the oil industry has been closely followed by numerous inventions aiming at improvements in its adaptation for purposes of illumination. One of the latest of these, known as the Doty Light, from the name of its inventor, Captain Doty, has already given results promising well for the future. The design and construction of the new light will be readily understood: it consists essentially of a galvanised

iron cylinder some two feet high, more or less, according to the required capacity, by eighteen inches in diameter, which forms the reservoir for the oil. On the top of this cylinder is placed the burner. Compressed air, up to a pressure of from ten to fifteen pounds per square inch, is forced into the reservoir by means of a hand-pump attached to it, a gauge being provided to register the pressure. A tube, starting from near the bottom of the cylinder, is formed into a spiral above it, and then again doubling downwards, winds as a second spiral inside the first coil, and terminates at the bottom of the double coil, where its orifice constitutes the burner.

The coil having been heated for five minutes by burning a little oil placed in asbestos in a saucer beneath, oil from the cistern is admitted. Driven by the force of the compressed air in the reservoir, it passes through the heated coil, becomes at once vaporised, and igniting at the burner, issues in a brilliant flame some three feet in height. Once started, the Doty Light will burn for some thirteen hours, till, in fact, the oil in the reservoir has become exhausted, nothing more being required than a few strokes of the air-pump every two or three hours, to maintain the pressure necessary to force the oil through the coil. The consumption of oil is estimated to average three-quarters of a gallon per hour.

Three sizes of the Doty Light are being placed on the market—three hundred, five hundred, and one thousand candle-power; whilst its inventor claims for it the numerous advantages accruing from its being self-contained, self-generating, and portable.

From trials recently carried out, the new light has shown itself to be well suited for the illumination of girder-yards, bridge-building and engineering shops, docks, harbours, goods-yards, coaling stations, tunnel-works, pitheads, quarries, mines, and generally all places where brilliant illumination, without dark shadows, is required at moderate cost and without elaborate preparation.

TO THE SINGER.

SISTER, the soul that wakes in thee
Hath in it something of the spring.
What time the sunny breezes swing
The daffodil beneath the tree;
I seem to sit beside the sea,
And hear a spirit in thee sing.

Thy voice makes many a pleasant place
To rest in, many a fragrant spot;
Blue eyes of the forget-me-not,
The charm of wistful maiden ways,
Bring back a hundred yesterdays
Of song, that may not be forgot.

If at an hour when storm-winds sway
The clouds through heaven from pole to pole,
The passion in thee seems to roll
In music to the Far-away,
Listen within thyself, and say:
'It is the soul, it is the soul.'

WILLIAM RENTON.

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